

THE
A G E
OF
D U L L N E S S.
A
S A T I R E.

BY A

NATURAL SON of the late Mr. *POPE*.

WITH A

PREFACE giving some Account of his Mother, and how
he came to the Knowledge of his Birth.

L O N D O N :

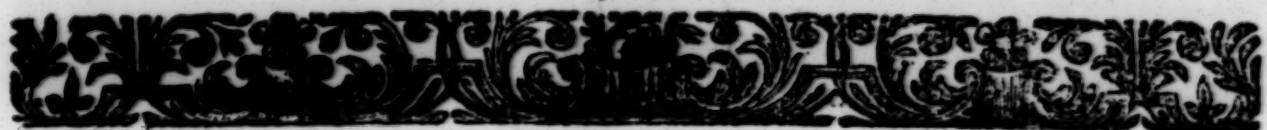
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P R E F A C E.



I AM the Fruit of that ridiculous Adventure, that happened Years ago at a certain House of Recreation, which the Indiscretion, or rather the Resentment of our incomparable Laureate, made known to the Public, and which, as I have since heard, gave my Father more Uneasiness than any one Circumstance of his Life. Happy had it been for me, had that Gentleman's expeditious Arm snatched my Father sooner from the Embraces of the succumbent * Fair ! but it was too late ; and I owe my Existence (for which hitherto I have no Reason to thank any body) to that unlucky Moment.

My Father took no care of my Education, for, to do him Justice, he never knew to his dying Day, that he had given Birth to me ; my Mother, for Reasons obvious enough, not having thought proper to acquaint him with the Birth of his Son. To confess the real Truth, her Commerce being at that Time pretty general, she had little Hopes of Credit with any of her Gallants in such an Affair. However, the Parish Officers growing troublesome, she was obliged to fix upon a Father, which she did unfortunately for herself ; for the Person she declared upon Oath to have laid the Foundation of my Existence, thinking it very hard to pay Money in his own Wrong, and being, notwithstanding, by our *excellent Laws*, obliged to give Security, or pay, he chose the latter, and repaid himself by lodging her in the House of Correction, which the same Laws impowered him to do. As to myself, I was sent to the Parish School, at a proper Age, where I learned to read and write and cast Accompts.

a

My

* A favorite Expression of the Laureate.

My Mother was soon delivered from her Confinement, and being of an amorous Complexion, fell in Love with a Poet, who proposed to maintain himself and her too, by his Wits ; with him she lived many Years, but having no Issue by him, and her natural Affection for me awakening, she took me from the Charity School, and made me *her Foot-Boy*. Under this Favorite of the Muses (for I was at Times his *Amanuensis*) I learned some *French*, and acquired a Taste of Poetry ; and under my Mother the Intrigues of the Town, and a Taste for Gallantry ; to her being more free and generous in granting Favours, than those of her Profession usually are, (tho' she knew how to value her Charms to proper Persons) I owe the Knowledge of my Birth ; for having observed that Youth and Beauty never pleaded unsuccessfully with her, when she knew the other requisite, Money, was wanting, and being myself possessed of both the former, I must to my Shame confess, that I had so little Gratitude to my Master, or rather so much Desire for my Mother (for neither her Way of Life, nor the full third of a Century had made any visible Alteration in her Beauty) that I soon convinced her by my Looks and Actions, that the Pleasure I took in waiting on her, had more the Obsequiousness of a Lover, than the Diligence of a mere Servant ; she saw it, and one Morning (after my Master was risen to invoke the Muses) as she lay in Bed, calling me with a Tone of Voice, that had more of Tendernefs in it, than I had ever perceived before, which on her drawing the Bed-Curtains, was confirmed by a Look of inexpressible Softness, her Eyes overflowing with Tears, she dashed my Hopes with the Discovery of the dreadful Secret of my Birth, in all its Circumstances : I flung from her on the Instant, and would never come near her afterwards ; for I found, notwithstanding, I could not love the Mother without desiring the Woman.

What

What became of her or me to the present Hour is not at all material: This Anecdote, which neither Mr. *Warburton* nor any of Mr. *Pope's* most intimate Friends ever knew, is true: nor should I now have discovered it, but that I thought it might give the Public a favourable Opinion of me, as it is not absurd to suppose a Genius may descend from Father to Son, as well as Likeness of Person, tho' I do not pretend to say that either does. This I can truly say, that if I should ever resemble him in that, as much as I do my Mother in the other, I should want nothing but Fortune to be possessed of three of the most valuable Blessings of Life.

As to this Satire, my Intention is, if possible, to awaken in the Great, a Regard for Men of Genius, and Learning; without which, I foresee the Downfall of each. I have no private Spleen to indulge, have met with no particular Disappointment in my Application to any great Man, (indeed I never applied to any) and have no one in my Eye in any part of the following Sheets. I lament in common with many others, the Want of that Protection, which in the beginning of this, or the end of the last Century, Genius had; but which it has now lost: I mean that Protection, which did not wait till Genius made its own way, but took it at its first Appearance, and drew out of Obscurity, an *Addison*, a *Steele*, a *Swift*, a *Prior*, a *Pope*, a *Congreve*, &c. who had all languished unknown, if there had been as little Call for Genius then as there is now: for the Rise of every one of these great Authors may be traced (without Injury to their Memories from some Work, which they produced at first, without having previously acquired a Name: whereas now, every Bookseller, Printer, or Publisher will make no scruple to declare, that Poetry will not sell, unless it is supposed to be written by some Man of Name; nor any Prose-composition defray the

Expence,

Expencc, let it be ever so well digested, if the Public be not made to believe, it is the Work of some Person of Distinction.

Fully convinced in my own Mind, that this is the Case with respect to Men of Genius, I have endeavoured to find out the Cause ; and I think I may with some Truth say, that “ there is a certain confined way of thinking in
 “ all Orders of Men, which makes them esteem no-
 “ thing worthy their Notice, much less their Encourage-
 “ ment, from which they cannot reap Benefit, in the
 “ Way Education, or Birth, has chalked out for
 “ them.” Now this, if true, and I wish it could bear a Contradiction, is, and ever will be, a Discouragement to Men of Genius, whom Nature in other respects has been niggardly to, and who want the fostering Hand of Greatness only, to give them Consequence.

As this then is the whole Design of this Poem, the Satire is general : I have been, it is confessed, as *Vellum* says, jocular with some Geniusses, on a particular Occasion ; but as they cannot complain of Severity, I rather believe they will laugh with the Public, than be offended at the Stroke, which they have brought upon themselves,

THE
AGE of DULLNESS.
A SATIRE.



ARGUMENT. *The Satirist sets out with lamenting the little regard paid to Poetry.—Invites the Goddess of Dullness to assert her Dominion.—Shews how her Influence has already spread over the Stage, Actors and Writers.—Traces the Effects of a wrong Education on the Minds of the Great.—Calls upon Power to join with Dullness—Passes the Sons of Dullness in review.—Considers summarily the different Orders of Men in Civil Societies.—Descants on a few particular Vices and Follies.—Just touches upon the present State of Reading.—And closes the whole with a very humorous Account of a late very extraordinary Transaction very much to the Honour of Dullness.*

AND with *Pope's* Genius is all Genius fled?
All Numbers but his pleasing Numbers dead?
Has Spirit, Wit, forsook the Rhyming Throng,
Or are none left, that can applaud the Song?

(2)
Not one *Mæcen*as, who can Empires guide,
Yet be the Poet's Ornament and Pride?
No *Pollio's*, *Piso's*, no *Agrippa's* now,
To watch the Laurel springing on his Brow?
Is every Taste, when fam'd *Augustus* reign'd,
For Little-greatness narrowly disdain'd?
For Title, Splendour, Ostentation, Pelf,
And true Court-Wisdom, cent'ring still in Self?

Up, Dullness, up! wake from inactive Sleep,
And o'er Mankind with wide Dominion sweep!
Seize the white Moment e'er it slip away;
The World, the willing World, shall hail the Day!
Lawns, Stars, Furs, Wands, with Pomp shall swell thy State,
For all Life's Labour now is to be Great.
Satire no more shall dare to point the Dart,
Each Head shall be as callous as each Heart;
Wide as the caving Air thy Pow'r shall reach,
Till none have Parts to learn, or Skill to teach!

Come, Attitude, with dumb, but speaking, Mein,
Second great Dullness and supply the Scene!

Banish

Banish just Action, and to paint true Woe,
 An instantaneous, living Statue grow !
 Start * from feign'd Death—and like a Perch upright
 Amaze the very Faculty of Sight !
 Now † lift the Arm--breathe ‡ hard--now || stedfast gaze ;
 And each dull *Phydias* shall the Statue praise ;
 For these be Action quite disclaim'd ; for these
 Can teach Distortion and Grimace to please.

Come, Trick ! thou Substitute of Art, sloth-bred,
 Teach modern Actors to excel the Dead !
 Wait not Perfection from Time's ling'ring Hand,
 Who rises not at once is at a Stand.
 Go to the Carver's Shop, and learn your Trade ;
 Actors shall now be by the Chissel made.
 What inward Feeling once could only teach,
 Trick and Finesse a shorter way shall reach.
 For why should Actors look into the Mind,
 To leave the dull Spectator quite behind ?

B 2

Why

* A late Actress famous in the Character of *Juliet*.

† ‡ || Actions proper in themselves, but used on ev'ry trivial Occasion by way of Attitude.

Why Labour, Study, Time and Pains bestow,
 To please applauding Crouds, who nothing know ?
 But greater Glories, Dullness, wait thy Sight ;
 Come, all ye Tragic Bards, who think you write !
 Your diff'rent Occupations, ah ! neglect ;
 Contending Theatres your Works expect.
 Rise other *G***, other *J*** rise,
 And thou, great *M***, wrest from both the Prize !
 Nature no more shall teach the Heart to feel,
 Whilst *Boadicea* * ev'ry Tear shall steal,
 The Husband to the Wife the Bowl shall give,
 And like a Stoic, bid her cease to live.
 Distress, tho' deep, no more shall Pity move,
 But angry Queens † shall *box* the Man they love.
 Great ‡ Princes in disguise shall steal a Kiss,
 And waking Princesses the Theft not miss.
Christians §, and *Turks*, in Manners both alike,
 Shall only by their diff'rent Dresses strike.

Appius,

* A Tragedy. † Earl of *Essex*. ‡ *Philoclea*. § *Barbarossa*.

*Appius**, the Rape perform'd, *unkill'd* shall die,
 And old *Virginus* stab his Child, and cry.
 For this the tender Fair well pleased shall weep,
 And calm Attention lull the Pit to sleep.
 For this shall Citizens their Claret leave,
 And all their Wives, and Sons, and Daughters grieve ;
 For this the Stage shall sterling Wit refuse,
 And to nine Greek prefer one modern Muse.

Now swarm Periodic Writers from the Prefs ;
 Write on, and make each little Thought still less !
 Authors are open to enlarge your Store,
 Skim off their Dross, and work it into Ore.
 Re-think each Thought, however trite or old,
 Varnish'd and lacquer'd it will look like Gold.
 What tho' the Reader nothing new can trace,
 'Tis something sure, to step into their Place ;
 'Tis something sure to be (six Pages full)
 So rich in Thought, and so completely dull.

What

* A Tragedy.

What boots the Pains once Education cost ?
 In piddling Litt'rature, see Learning lost !
 In Manners, Morals, in Politeness, Taste !
 And Genius, in one universal Waste !

Behold the Sire thus talking to the Son,
 " Your Studies now, my dearest Child, are done ;
 " 'Tis fit a Youth well-born should something know
 " Of what was done so many Years ago ;
 " But yet, if well we weigh Life's proper Plan,
 " A School is but the A, B, C, of Man ;
 " The Man of *Greek*, whose Head whole Volumes fill,
 " Thrust in the World, is but a School-Boy still.

Thus tutor'd by his Sire, he reads no more,
 Prompt to unlearn what he had learn'd before ;
 Each noble Truth, by ancient Sages taught ;
 Each Virtue once so valued, set at naught ;
 A new Philosophy attracts his View,
 Which neither *Zeno*, nor *Cleanthes* knew :
 Which *Socrates* rejected with disdain,
 And *Philip's* Son, and *Cæsar* reach'd in vain ;

A new Philosophy untaught at School,
That bids the Private o'er the Public rule ;
That teaches Man from Nature to depart,
And warps the Understanding and the Heart.

Behold him now with Wealth and Power made great,
The mighty *Atlas*, of some mighty State!
Full of the Consequence his Station gives,
He for himself alone discretely lives ;
The gen'ral Love, that us'd to warm his Breast,
And make Humanity Man's common Test ;
The social Tye, the Link of human Race,
That thro' the Whole could Nature's Offspring trace ;
Defac'd and blotted out, to him now seem
An old Man's Dotage, or a young Man's Dream.

Let Parent-Nature, with parental Eyes,
See all her Sons alike to Being rise ;
See neither high, nor low, nor great, nor small,
But as their Virtues for Distinction call ;
Wiser than *she*, 'tis his to set her right,
Reform her System, or new-mould it quite :

'Tis

(8)
'Tis his thus tinctur'd, to reverse the Plan,
And find specific Difference in Man ;
Hence, tho' in Power and Faculties the same,
Tho' known to Nature by one common Name,
'Tis his to stamp Distinction on the few,
Which God, who gave them Being, never knew ;
To give them Rank, Pre-eminence, and Place,
Another Figure, and another Face.
Another Nature—from whose Effence springs
The sep'rate Race of Potentates and Kings ;
Of Princes, Peers, whom Self exalts above
The common Orb, where Man was form'd to move.

These Sentiments, imbib'd in early Youth,
Assume the Force of Philosophic Truth ;
These taint his Morals, these corrupt his Mind,
These alienate the Creature from his Kind :
With partial Good whilst other's Bosoms glow,
Pow'r is to him the only Good below ;
'Tis Nature's Law inscrib'd in ev'ry Breast,
'Tis Reason's, and 'tis Instinct's common Test !

What

What Lion melts that sees his crouching Prey,
 Or, by Compassion vanquish'd, flinks away ?
 The Terror of the Wood, each Lion reigns,
 Because the honest Beast his Pow'r maintains.
 Divested of the Pow'r, that guards the Throne,
 What Man the Substitute of Heav'n would own ?
 Ev'n God, unless a God of Pow'r, would be
 An inoffensive harmless Deity ;
 A painted Scarecrow—for the Eye of Fear,
 Or barren Good—Fools only would revere.

Come then, dread Pow'r ! thou sublunary God !
 That govern'st all Things with thy Iron Rod !
 That teachest more by Penalties and Pains,
 Than all the Syllogisms of Schoolmen's Brains !
 Come thou, and aid great Dullness to restore ;
 For without Dullness, Pow'r shall be no more.

Who tells the shiv'ring Beggar, he was born,
 To be the rich Man's Pity, or his Scorn ?
 Who bids the patient *Many* bear the Yoke,
 Which, if they knew their Strength, with Ease were broke ?

Dullness that cannot see, that Man is Man,
Nor trace in Goodness Pow'r's adopted Plan.

And now, O Goddess, leave me for a while,
Nor favour me with one indulgent Smile ;
Let honest Satire arm me with a Sting,
Whilst I thy num'rous Sons, O Dullness, sing ;
Whilst I their sev'ral Bands in order pass,
And rank each Straggler in his proper Class ;
All whom *Augusta* with fat Turtle feeds,
Or the gay Precinct of a Palace breeds ;
Whom Colleges or Inns of Court maintain,
To be the great Supporters of thy Reign.
The Task perform'd, receive me to thy Breast,
And lull me with thy Sons in endless Rest ! .

And lo ! how all Things favour the Design ;
What Crouds uncall'd attend thy sacred Shrine !

Behold each University asleep,
See *Cam* and *Isis* their lost Children weep !
No more along their Banks the tuneful Throng
Awake the Maids of *Pindus* with a Song ;

Far from their verdant Plains fair Science roves,
 That us'd to tread in Academic Groves ;
 Learning uncherish'd hides his hoary Head,
 Or sleeps among the venerable Dead ;
 Or puzzles o'er some Weed of *Hebrew* shoot,
 Engag'd with some dull Pedant in Dispute ;
 If *Elohim* means one, or two, or more,
 Or God could be, what he was not before.
 In vain within the Circuit of their Walls,
 'The Man of Genius for Protection calls ;
 In vain he rises from the Gloom of Night,
 And shines awhile with his own proper Light ;
 No mark distinguishes the Classic Hand,
 That sheds new Lustre on his native Land ;
 No Praise goes forth, that should his Genius fire,
 And stamp the Work, for others to admire ;
 Deaf when the Muse of *Brown* * sublimely sings,
 Or *Dobson* † *Milton* bears on *Roman* Wings.

* De Immortalitate Animi.

† Mil on Lat. red.

True Sons of Dullness, whom no anxious Care
 Betrays to any Thought—What once they were.
 Unmov'd, so they with Ease but pass their Days,
 If Learning flourishes, or Wit decays ;
 What matters if the Head be void or full ?
 They can look wise—who knows if they are dull ?
 Behold ! the Royal-Mart for Wealth renown'd,
 Whose large Enclosure scepter'd Kings surround !
 Is there a Man, in all this motley Crew,
 Who has beyond the present Hour in view ?
 Who knows, or wishes but in Thought to know,
 What human Creatures to each other owe ?
 What forms the Genius, or improves the Mind ?
 What is the proper Bus'ness of Mankind ?
 What stamps the Image of his God on Man,
 The Form external or the mental Plan ?
 What Wisdom is ? if Right from Law derives,
 Or if it still in honest Breasts survives ?
 Above such alien Thoughts, which serve no End,
 Which God for civil Man could ne'er intend ;

Born to be happy a much shorter way,
Each tries a diff'rent Path, and goes astray.

This takes a fav'rite King's neglected Bust,
And clears it at his own Expence from Dust ;
Honours flow on him from the whiten'd Stone,
And all that Monarch's Virtues are his own :
This gives a Charity—This paints a Hall—
This to some public Market adds a Stall—
This above Fortune aims but to be great,
And rolls a Pageant in a Coach of State.

By these inspir'd *Augusta's* rising Race,
Dull as their Sires, shall step into their Place ;
And when they sink into their silent Tomb,
Leave lineal Copies to supply their Room.

Who lives by Prelates ? He who can maintain
Not Christ's eternal, but his temp'ral Reign.
On its own Basis that may stand or fall,
But this requires the helping Hand of all.
For neither Dignities nor Honours flow
From what Christ did above, but what below ;

His heav'nly Kingdom knows no chosen Seed,
His earthly one distinguishes the Breed.

“ To shew, that Pow'r by Right-divine came down,
“ And fix'd on his Descendants *Peter's* Crown ;
“ Above all human Sway, to raise their Sway,
“ And make crown'd Kings, like common Slaves, obey ;
“ To prove, by dint of Argument, that God
“ Has to their Hands consign'd his chast'ning Rod ;
“ Has giv'n them his own Keys of Heav'n and Hell,
“ And Pow'r Rewards and Punishments to sell.”

Who has this Sense may all Sense else despise ;
Who knows all this knows all he wants to rise.

What is Philosophy ? a pedant Thing,
Whence Doubts, increasing Doubts, for ever spring ;
What 'Truth ? a dang'rous Clue to lead the Mind
Thro' all the Errors that perplex Mankind ;
What Science ? a false Glass where Man may see
What equal Nature form'd us all to be ;
What Virtue ? an imaginary Guide,
Misleading Men, who have no Light beside.

Behold

Behold the hoary Sage o'er-grown with Law,
 Who finds in all Things, but himself, a Flaw.
 In Man's true Title-Deeds he never looks,
 Nor reads one single Case in Nature's Books ;
 " Just and Unjust on mine and thine depend,
 " Self is the Spring of Action and the End ;"
 Mended by Man, and by his Laws explain'd,
 God's Laws, too gen'ral made, are well restrain'd ;
 For he, too lib'ral in his bounteous Mind,
 One undivided Property design'd ;
 But wiser Law has narrow'd his vague Plan,
 And drawn a Boundary 'twixt Man and Man.
 On this—a God on Earth in Pomp and Show ;
 On that—the Child of Misery and Woe.

How dang'rous 'tis for prying Eyes to trace
 The secret Depth where Knowledge hides her Face !
 Knowledge, that tells to all, that High and Low
 Rise from one Source, and in one Stream should flow.
 Why should Mankind be guided by her Light ?
 What Profit to discover Wrong from Right ?

What

What can they lose, not knowing what they are ?

What gain, unless admitted to a Share ?

How shall the happy few maintain their State,

If each vile Reptile figures with the Great ?

Is there a Man for public Virtue born,

Whom Fortune's richest Gifts at once adorn ;

Whose large Possessions make Additions vile,

Who is above a Monarch's Frown or Smile ;

Who wants not this his Greatness to support,

Nor fears the other when he pays his Court ;

Rich without Pension, great tho' out of Pow'r,

In Rectitude unshaken as a Tow'r ;

Who to himself, thro' Life's long Course, can say,

“ Alike the present and the future Day ;

“ To me no Change Vicissitude can bring,

“ In Play, or out, I still can serve my King ;

“ My Country still may claim and have my Care,

“ And ev'ry Friend my Happiness may share ? ”——

There is—but giving up what Fortune gave,

The Wretch becomes a voluntary Slave ;

Leaving

Leaving the larger for the leffer Road,
 He pays to Man what he to God but ow'd ;
 Accepts a sordid Stipend by the Year,
 His Pride—to shine in an inferior Sphere—
 His Vanity—to lord it at some Board—
 And give dependant Slaves like him the Word ;
 To talk with Kings, with Ministers to nod,
 And in the great Man sink the Demy-God.

How blest the Age when *Addison* was born,
 When Wit found Favour, and bare Title Scorn !
 When ev'ry great Man was the Muse's Friend,
 And to the Ears of Kings the Verse would send ;
 When Worth, tho' lurking in some dark Retreat,
 The Eye of Greatness yet was sure to meet !
 How chang'd, alas ! who takes the Poet's Part,
 To whom the sacred Nine lend all their Art ?
 What Work * proclaims the patronizing Peer ?
 To whom, as once it was, is Genius dear ?

D

Great-

* This is not meant as if no Peer or great Man patronized any Work in these Days. What is alluded to, is the seeing their Names where they should not be, and not seeing them where they would have added Honour and lost none. It is a general Reflection only, and not intended against any particular Person or Thing.

Greatness on Merit now throws rival Eyes ;
 What Man of Parts can ever hope to rise ?
 Protection once, which Worth could only claim,
 By Flatt'ry now obtain'd becomes his Shame ;
 Disgusted, fretted, he applies no more,
 But leaves to servile Fools his Lordship's Door.

What chequer'd Follies mark the Sons of Wealth !
 How prodigal of Fortune, Fame, and Health !

The Man of Dress spends thousands on his Back ;
 The hunting Peer is beggar'd with a Pack ;
 The Racer, anxious for his Horse's Blood,
 Takes little Care if his own Stream be good ;
 Insensible to each true Taste of Bliss,
 The fond Embrace, the Love-inspiring Kiss,
 The thrilling Rapture, which no Art can feign,
 Nor Beauty without Feeling can maintain ;
 The Man of Gallantry bribes *Harris* * high,
 That with the Pimp's pox'd Strumpet he may lie ;

That

* A Person very well known in the Purlieu of *Covent-Garden*, of general Service to the Youth of both Sexes.—Well deserving of the Encomiums bestow'd on him here.

That he may revel in her venal Charms,
 And clasp a Drawer's Leavings in his Arms.
 Wanton in Taste, or fashionably so,
 No Dish but Turtle now true Gluttons know ;
 The Drunkard values neither Wealth nor Fame,
 So he can gain his Cellars but a Name.



Such, Dullness, are thy Sons ; a num'rous Host !
 Such are the mighty Chiefs thou hast to boast !
 These fill the World ; these swarm in ev'ry Land ;
 These near the Thrones of greatest Monarchs stand ;
 These govern Kingdoms ; these in Senates guide,
 And Laws to keep the Wise in awe provide ;
 These bid the Man of Parts at distance wait,
 But to the wealthy Fool throw wide the Gate ;
 These give their high-born Sons Preferment, Place,
 And wrap them in Embroidery and Lace ;
 Whilst ragged Scholars dirty Cassocks wear,
 And nobly starve on Twenty Pounds a Year.
 Cherish these Men ; these shall support thy Throne ;
 And with thy Aid perpetuate their own.

Learning no more, in this enlighten'd Age,
 Shall owe its Being to the Classic Page;
 Morals that once from *Greece* and *Rome* were brought,
 Shall by Romance with greater Base be taught;
Clarissa * to our Daughters Rules shall give,
 And *Grandison* † instruct our Sons to live.
 Ev'n *Bolingbroke*, tho' dead, Religion's Foe,
 Shall feel what 'tis—to teach Mankind to know—
 Each Son of Dullness shall disturb his Urn,
 And ev'ry Son shall answer in his Turn.—
 Lay ‡ *H** for this Wealth flowing in shall see,
 And courtly *W**** || a Bishop be;
*L*** †† shall controvert—*like any thing*,
 And with her Rector's ‡‡ Praises *Queenhithe* ring.
 Hail, Sov'reign Dullness! Queen of ev'ry Clime!
 That shall not end until the End of Time!
 Oh! teach me to submit to thy high Will,
 And bid imperious Reason once be still;

Confound

* † Two Pieces wrote by one of the best Men living, yet subject to the Imputation here mentioned.

‡ || †† ‡‡ Authors who have signaliz'd themselves in Writing against Lord *Bolingbroke*'s posthumous Works.

Confound her Voice if she presume to say,
 That God thinks one, and Man another way.
 Let Law decree what is Man's proper Good,
 And thou and Pow'r shall make it understood ;
 Religion shall for pious Ends come in,
 And to prove God by Reason be a Sin.

'Tis done—the sickly Phantom, Reason, flies,
 And all thy Triumphs open to my Eyes.

I see thy great Protector L** † stand !
 A Charge of great Import adorns his Hand ;
 He looks around, his sparkling Eye-balls roll,
 And all his little Body, turns to Soul ;
 He speaks, the crouded Audience melt in Tears,
 He paints, and they adopt the Urchin's Fears ;
 Tooth-Drawers, Auctioneers, and Taylors weep,
 And e'en loquacious Barbers Silence keep.

“ Oh ! say, shall Dullness or shall Knowledge reign ?

“ Dullness, that gives Heart-ease, or Knowledge, Pain ?

Say,

† A Gentleman very instrumental in occasioning the Presentment of Lord *Bolingbroke's* Works.

“ Say, Friends, shall *St. John's* Works uncensur'd live,

“ And her Death-wound to sacred Dullness give ?

“ What tho' the daring Infidel be dead,

“ Yet *Mallet* * has a Neck beneath his Head.

“ Oh ! Stretch it—or, at least, the Book present—”

He spake—the Croud of Dunces gave assent.

High o'er the rest long-shambling G** stood ;

His Front was Brass, but Oh ! his Head was Wood.

“ Well has our Chairman spoke—He's dead, 'tis true,

“ But *Mallet* yet his Legacy may rue ;

“ Yet let us not, my Friends, be too severe ;

“ It shall suffice, so he but lose an Ear.”

Thus he—the Roof with Acclamations shook,

And Dullness in her Arms her Fav'rite took.

The Con*** heard the pleasing Sound ;

*St. P** and *L***, caught it at its Bound ;

C C** with Shouts of Joy the News received ;

And only *Robin Hood* † lamenting griev'd,

* The Editor of the same. † A Society who meet and debate on all Subjects with freedom.



